

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY BY GRANTLAND RICE & C. N. DING.

~ FEEDING THE WORLD ~

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Just as gray dawn streaks down the sky,
Long ere you've heard the milk cans rattle,
The farmer rubs a weary eye
And rises up to tend the cattle.

From dawn to darkness in the fields
He labors, minus intervention,
Until at last his spint yields
To weariness beyond all mention.

He toils along from dawn to night
Through furrowed drifts, or heavy stubble,
But always in an endless fight
With bugs and weeds and other trouble.

The city takes his help away
And leaves him flat, protesting vainly,
With brighter lights and higher pay
And softer jobs, to speak out plainly

And then the city takes his truck
And bids it up to fancy prices,
While gently passing him the buck
When corn and wheat have reached a crisis.

He'll get two dollars on some sale
That leaps to six by city steering;
Whereat the Public starts to wail
And swears the farmer's profiteering.

The farmer has few spots to go
When he has snapped the long day's fetter,
Though one might see a movie show
If bed and sleep did not look better

As days and seasons onward creep,
The farmer has two gifts from living;
And one is work and one is sleep,
For life has nothing else to give him.

The farmer has no six-hour day;
A five-day week? He'll never own it;
Well, does the farmer earn his pay?
I'll tell the world, and megaphone it.

